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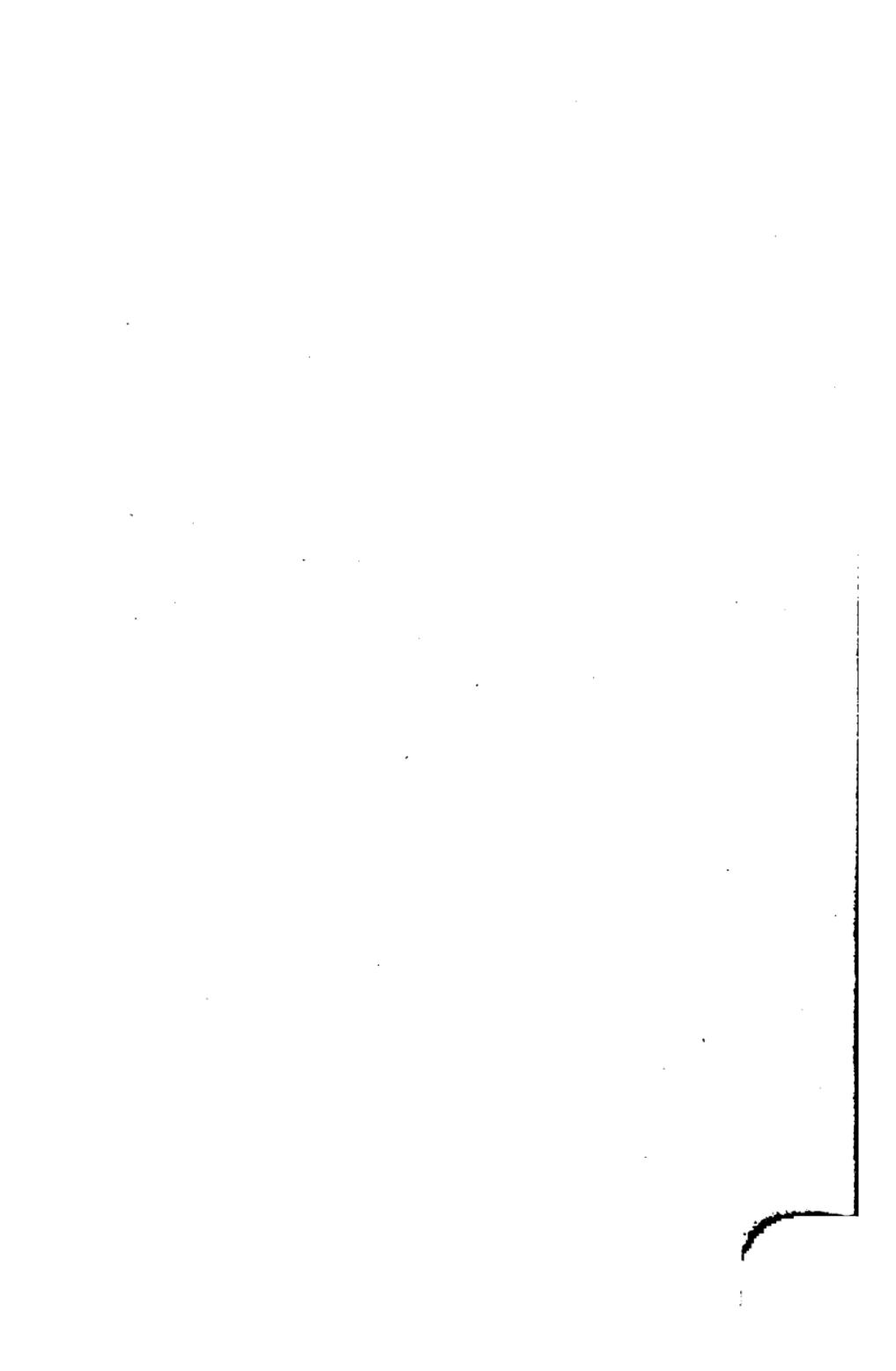
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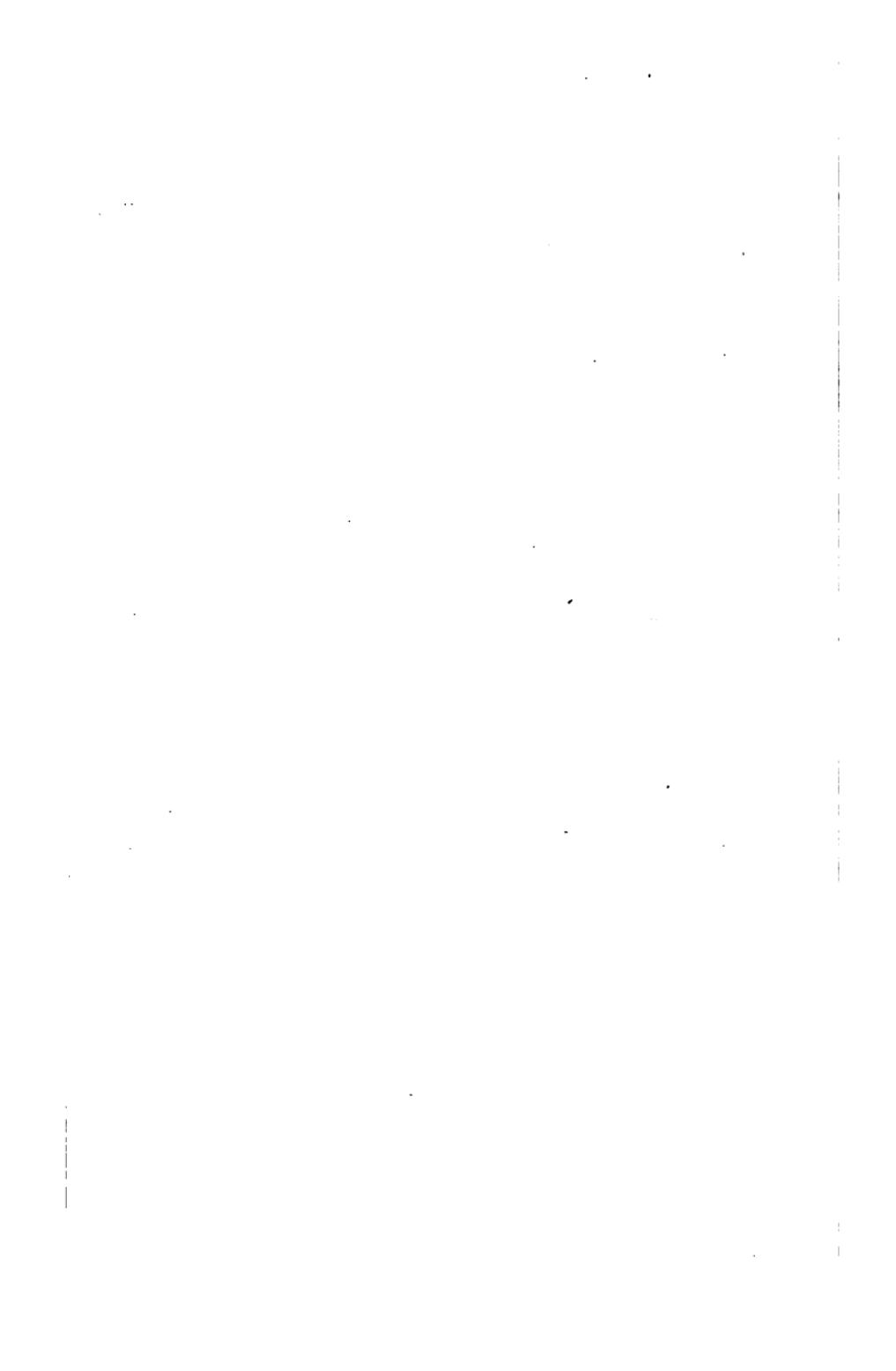
A

Play of *Gruzenmose*.

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A L A Y
OF
B R A Z E N N O S E.

O X F O R D.
1866.



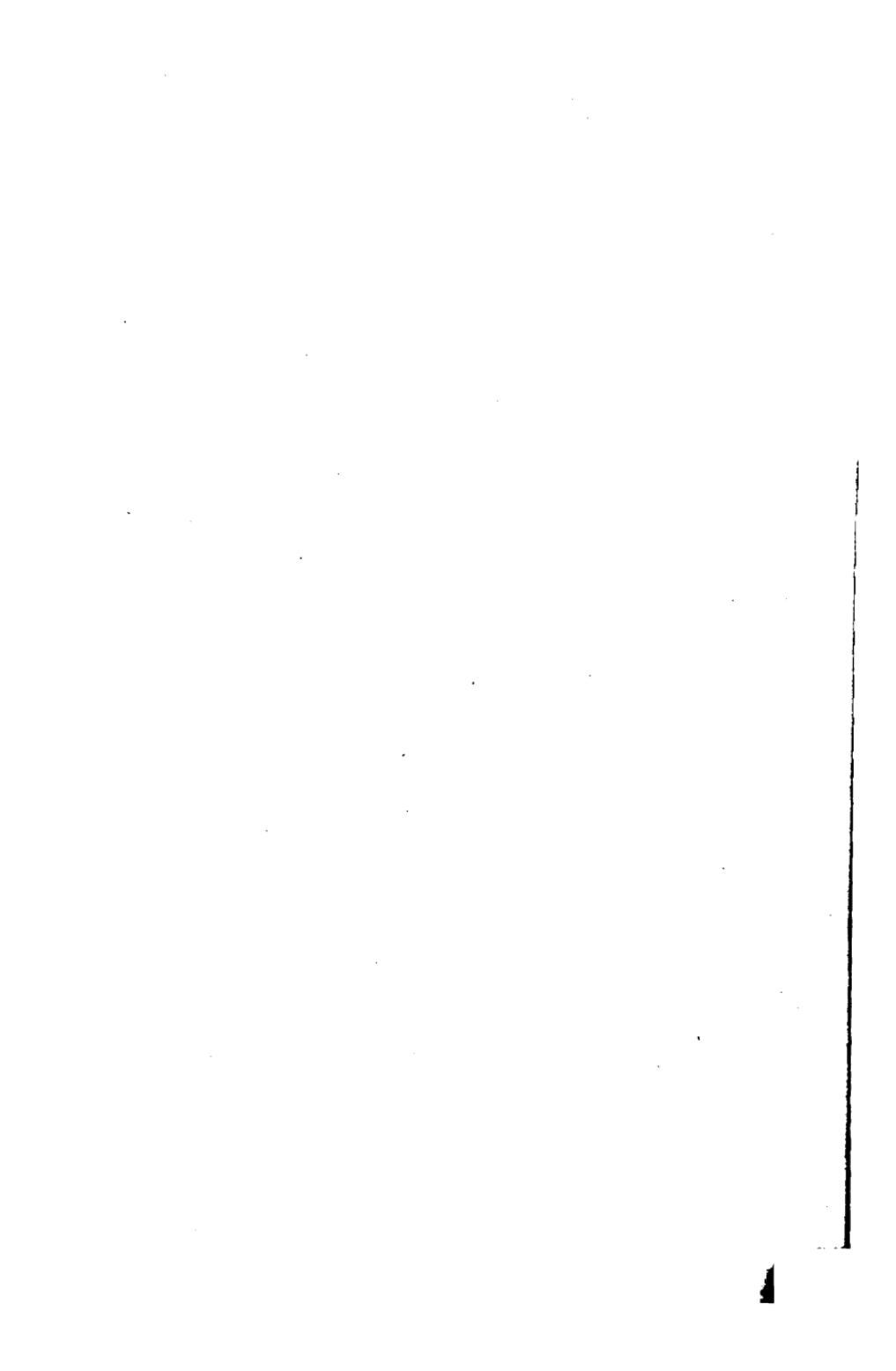
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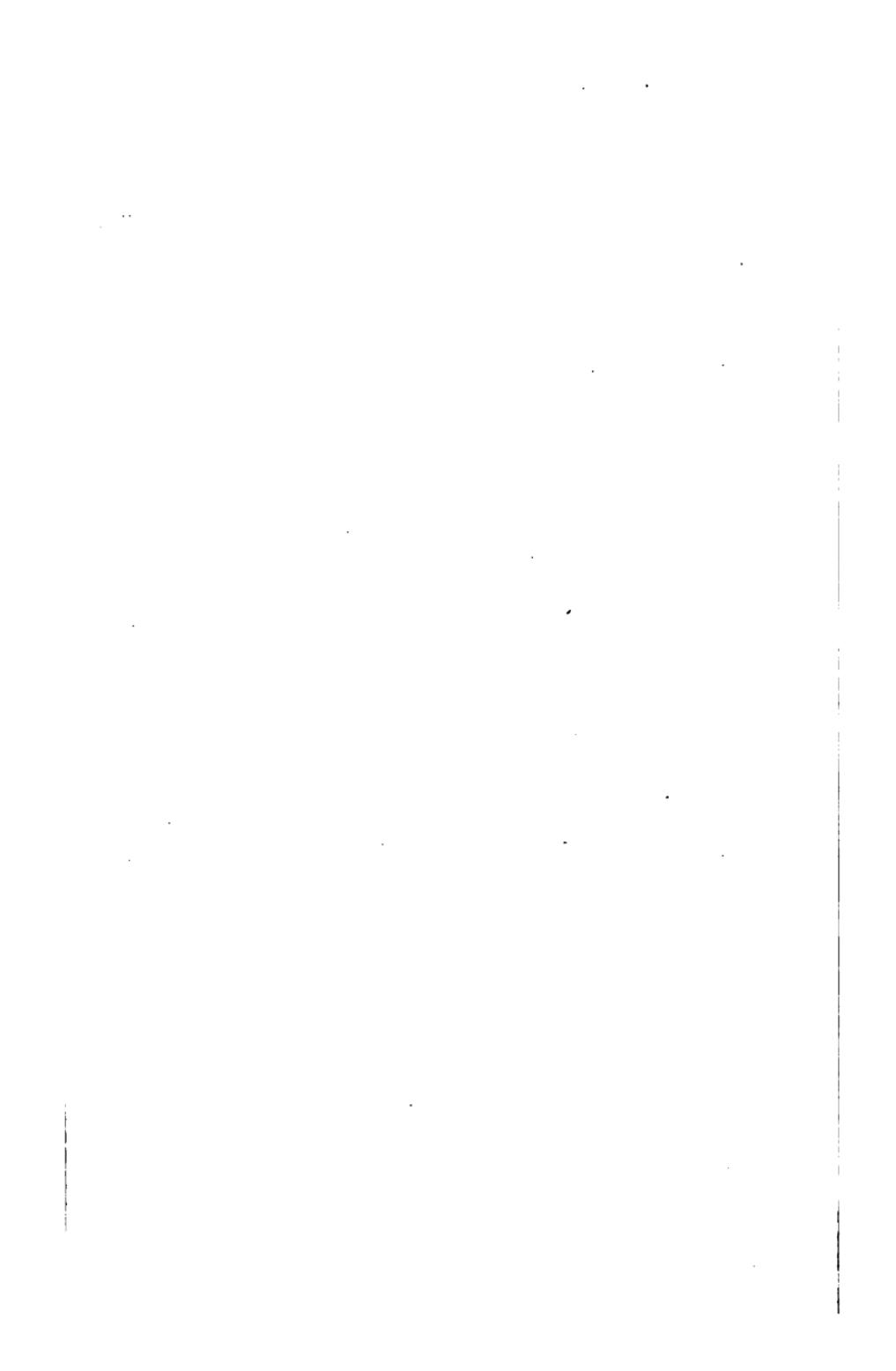
WITHOUT PERMISSION, TO

PRAISE-GOD B—.

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A L A Y
OF
B R A Z E N N O S E.

OXFORD,
1866.



Dedicated,

WITHOUT PERMISSION, TO

PRAISE-GOD B—.



P R E F A C E.

GENTLE AND SIMPLE READER,

A Merchant-prince of England, living not one hundred miles from the Radcliffe, who has for long been fathering a half-crown's worth of rotten nuts and apples on Brazennose-men for a thirty-shilling dessert, and who is pretending to be hard up, having been distributing through College a series of papers, issued in weekly numbers, and edited by Hawkins & Sylvester (who the Hon. Member for the [Chiltern] Hundred Yards declares are the leading debt-collectors of the Oxford pseudo-law-list), it hath been determined to apply the proceeds of this publication, which have by a mathematical Don(ne), been fixed at £7 13s. 0d., to relieve the said victual-vendor's necessities. "Ite quibus grata est picta"—stop, Pegasus! you're in liquor. This

idea struck the undersigned when he went the other day to get a friend's testamur for Mods. He rushed into the Schools, and asked "Habet?" turning his thumb down from his nose. The four Examiners, seated in a long row, replied distinctly, "Ita testamur;" but behind him came a sigh, and, looking round, he heard the aged Clerk of the Schools, his reverend cheeks all tear-bestreamed, murmur with difficulty, "Prout statuta requirant." The beaming benevolence of the excellent man seemed to say to him, "Go thou and do likewise." He went and did so; and found his wits so sharpened by it, that in returning from Hampton Races, when informed by a night-man (who had backed Tormentor) that he "would not cut up for dog's meat," he answered, "Put up D. in the window, and they won't take you away for dust." These facts speak for themselves.

OLD INCREDULITY.

A Lay of Brazennose.

I.

JOHN W*****LE, of Brazennose,
By his old aunt he swore,
" Those fellows always play at Van :
I'll play at Van no more.
Loo's played at every college ;
Loo's ten times better fun ;
It ain't much hotter, I dare say,
And lots of men, I guess, will play :
Darned if I don't have one."

II.

By his old aunt he swore it,
And sprang from where he sat ;
Fixed on his head an article
That answered for a hat.
He'd seized his pipe and 'baccy,
Full ounces six or more,
Had filled the bowl, and lit the whole,
Ere men could count a score.

III.

Now over all the College,
Through Front and Back-quad. too,
Had rung the W***l's challenge,
“ Who'll have a festive Loo ? ”
All round by Cain and Abel,
To whom Front-quadmen pray,
As far as Harry's staircase
Where PICKFORD reads all day :
Hard by the rooms where MATTHEWS
Used to get drunk alone :
Where PADDY BLAKE, with happy smile,
Humming a monotone the while,
Dissects a mutton bone :
On number Five, the region
Of tea and toast and prayers,
Where PRAISE-GOD BARKER, sainted youth,
Lives, full of evangelic truth ;
Who goes to bed each night at seven,
But practises the path to heaven
All day upon the stairs ;
Where JOHN the Lord of Mushrooms
At even tells his beads ;
Where SMASHER breaks decanters,
And BATES with HEDGES feeds ;
Where, farther still, the telegraph

O'er Tester's workshop looms :
Whence wary debtors oft descry
JOHN GOUNDRY, when he comes to try
And find men in their rooms.

IV.

For often in the summer,
The term things are so green,
When sleek and oily Goundry
About Back-quad. is seen :
When up the staircase panting,
He reaches the fourth flat,
He sees his would-be victims fly
To friendly shelter, when they spy
His thrice accurséd hat.

V.

There is a certain trio
Who're in next term for Greats ;
From morn till night they read and write
And each in turn translates :
Evening and morn the trio
Have turned translations o'er,
Till Cicero has seemed so slow,
They've voted grind a bore.

VI.

The first was ALBERT PICKLES,
Of Billyites the swell :
Ah, woe is me ! for the good house
That loves the people well.
Well was he known at Ducker,
A swimmer stout and strong :
He loved a game of Footer
When wintry nights were long.

VII.

And UDAL, of the hundred fields,
And hundred victories too,
Who lately showed, by Iffley Road,
What Brazenose speed can do.
He'd run from start to finish
Like arrow from a bow,
For Udal had the springiest legs
From York to Llandudno.

VIII.

ELAINE was named the other,
A Bradlyite was he,
Who loved full well to hear the swell
Of the fiddle's harmony.

Foremost in field and feasting
 Waved his long chesnut beard ;
 At winter-morning chapel
 Its owner ne'er appeared.
 At many a festive dinner
 Rang forth his laughter free :
 Such is the way in the present day
 Of the men at B.N.C.

IX.

The three looked out of window,
 And Udal blew his nose :
 Just then a shout of laughter
 From W****l's window rose :
 A figure passed the coal-door,
 Whence gownless men descry
 The Proctor, with his velvet sleeves,
 As he sweeps down the High.

X.

Then Bobby said to Pickles,
 "I see a joyful sight :"
 There's W****l : let us play with him,
 He's got a Loo to-night.

* Mr. W****l is immensely proud of this line, as it is the first, and probably the last, time that he has been considered a joyful sight.

I played at Bob unlimited
Last night at Magdalene ;
And Van I swore I'd play no more,
It's seedy, trash, and mean."

* * * * *

XI.

All the most festive gamblers
Were there of B.N.C. :
WILLUM, who just had got through Smalls,
A Monkeyite was he :
Far-famed was he for Cricket,
Football, and Fives as well,
That e'en when he went down the High
Small cads across the road would cry,
"Eh, what an awful swell!"

XII.

CHEAPER, who steered the Torpid,
And steered it nobly too,
But far too fond of screeching
To make a festive Loo.
AP HUIL, so quick at fielding,
Who at long-leg would stand ;
And the cricket ball would often fall
Into his out-stretched hand.

XIII.

FATTY, who loved the clashing
Of cricket bat and ball ;
Who'd often score a five or four
Over the boundary wall.
And EPHRAIM, long to Brazenose
Useful in flood and field ;
Who rowed at ***** * * * * *
The terror of the Trojan crew :
Who proved himself no duffer too
The willow-wand to wield.

XIV.

Full leary are the salmon
That rise in Scottish lakes,
And a salmon-fly is before LONG's eye
When he speaks of the Land of Cakes.
Beyond all tables James's
Is to JOHN GI.PIN dear ;
When before the screw of his well-chalked
cue
The knackers disappear.

XV.

JOHN loves a quiet rubber,
When the curtains close are drawn,
And with men who can play he has got a
way
Of going on till dawn.

Old ***** loves a race-course,
The favourite, and the field ;
And in his fist is the betting list,
Which none but he may wield.

XVI.

But now John's room is empty,
To-night he's got no Whist :
Old ***** has forgot the odds :
Has dropped his betting list.
Untouched, in James's pocket,
The milk-white knackers lie ;
Unnoticed, in Long's pocket book,
Is the gay salmon-fly.

XVII.

To bed may go the Porter,
For no more men are out :
To-morrow the tea-commons will
Be eaten by the Scout.
Deserted are wine tables,
No Pool is on to-night,
E'en from the spacious champagne
To Loo men take their flight.

XVIII.

But on the *xyth* staircase
Rooms on the ground-floor right,
Are made great preparations
To cheat with Loo the night.*
Sherry and soda-water,
And lots of lemonade,
And two new packs of cards as well,
Were on the table laid.

XIX.

Now while JOHN GILLS was dealing
For who should have the lead,
Old Ephraim gave a sermon
Upon the good of speed.
“Ain’t this a dodge for training ?
As I the High came down,
I met the Senior Proctor
Without my cap and gown.

XX.

“A beastly Bulldog spied me
And dashed across the way,
‘The Proctor, Sir, has sought you
For many a night and day.’

* Ludo fallere noctem.

Up came the Senior Proctor,
‘Your name and college tell :’
I turned away and hustled,
And muttered, “*** * * ***.”

* * * * *

XXI.

Fast, fast with heels wild spurning,
Across the High I ran :
Tore up the Turl, where oft a ****
Accosts a Jesus man.
By double-gated Lincoln,
Down Brazennose Lane I sped ;
Ran up against a Worcester man
And knocked him over head.
The lane is long and narrow,
The Bulldogs howled and whined,
But I ran like a whirlwind up the lane,
And left them all behind.
Fast round the Radcliffe Library,
And round St. Mary’s Church,
Where a Bulldog **** * * ***** * * *
I left him in the lurch.
By Skimmery and Oriel
Thundered my flying feet :
I turned again down Magpie Lane,
Then up the long High Street.

Sharp round by Standen's corner,
My cheeks all sprayed with foam,
I sought the nose-watched gateway,
The gateway of my home.
Hard by the startled Porter,
Who tipped me a knowing wink —
(To-morrow I must give him
Another tip, I think),
I rushed across the grass-plot,
Nor pauséd from my race
Till I found myself by the mantelshelf
Of the W***l's fireplace."

* * * * *

XXII.

Now, fiercely raged the battle of
The noble game of Loo :
Long, John, and Cheaper shunted,
And Willum shunted too.
When Bobby was invited,
He deftly winked his eye,
And gave them back an answer,
"No, my love, not I."

XXIII.

For the blood-stained arena
Five entered in the ring,
But W****l had a flush of trumps,
The ace, the knave, and king.
They all got looed but Willum,
And Willum would have been,
But that unluckily he held
Two small trumps to the queen.

XXIV.

“***** * * **,” quoth John W****l,
“ What horrid lines for us !
But for that card (now ain’t it hard ?)
I should have looed the buss.
At any rate, old Long is looed,
And John and Cheaper too :”
“ Good Lord,” quoth Albert Pickles,
“ What an expensive Loo !”

XXV.

But while the fight was raging,
The Dons of B.N.C.
Assembled were in Common Room :
The Dean was standing tea.

They all were seated snugly
Round the warm fireplace,
And the toast divine had brought out a
shine
On each good Fellow's face.

XXVI.

Just then a Scout came, bringing
More buttered toast and beer :
"To arms," he cried, "VICE-PRINCIPAL !
There's a Loo on, I hear."
On the ground-floor to westward
The Vice gazed through the night,
And heard the well-known gambling sound,
"I'm looo again !" "Bobs in all round,"
Come from *xy*-floor right.

XXVII.

Then out spoke Mr. TURNER,
"To every man, I ween,
Death cometh soon or later,
E'en though he be a Dean ;
And how can man die better
Than killed by heaps of foes ?
Right well would such a death befit
The Dean of Brazennose.

XXVIII.

“ Now list to me, Vice-Principal,
Listen to what I say :
I, with two more to help me,
Will go and stop the play.
In breaking rules a thousand
May well be stopped by three :
Now who will stand on either hand
And try the door with me ?

XXIX.

Then out spoke the Vice-Principal,
The Moke yclept was he,
“ Lo, I will stand on thy right hand
And try the door with thee.”
And out spake little BILLY,
Of Lincoln erst was he,
“ Lo, I will stand at thy left hand
And try the door with thee.”

XXX.

Each took another muffin,
Each took a cup of tea ;
Then straight to go and stop the Loo
Went forth the dauntless three.

They found the oak was sported,
And gently tapped the door,
And waited for an answer
While men might count a score.

XXXI.

At last there came an answer,
'Twas Udal thus did say :
"*** * * * * * * * * * * * * , you fellows,"
I wish you'd keep away.
To-night to Cain and Abel
We're holding solemn prayer ;
Say wherefore make you such a noise,
And tell us who you air."

XXXII.

"By many names men call us,
In different rooms we dwell ;
But thus much know, that each of us
Is an uncommon swell :
So leave off play directly,
For if you don't ere long,
The Dean and Fellows warn you,
Look that your door be strong."

XXXIII.

Then out spake ***** * *****,
 He spake a bitter jest,
 “ The jays once sent a message
 Unto the eagles’ nest :
 ‘ Give up your play directly,
 Obey the Senior Dean :’
 Forth looked in wrath the eagle,
 And said, ‘ I’m not so green.’ ”

XXXIV.

So Turner called the Porter,
 And he brought axe and crow,
 And smote upon the lock above,
 And loosed the hinge below.

XXXV.

But while the axe and crowbar
 Without have worked away,
 Within they’ve held a council,
 And W***l thus did say :
 “ We’d best cut to the Back-quad.,
 And there keep up the play ;
 Let’s hustle out of window
 Before the door gives way :

XXXVI.

For quicker, and still quicker
Outside they ply the axe ;
Yates works like bricks, and Turner kicks,
And, hark ! the doorpost cracks.
Then all their knees grew shaky,
And pale was every cheek,
And W****l, who was first to jump,
Scarce gathered voice to speak :—

XXXVII.

“ O Abel, Cain and Abel !
To whom we offerings pour,
Grant us to get off safely, while
They’re hammering at the door.”
Straight down he jumped, and quickly
To the Back-quad. did pass ;
The rest, who followed, broke the rules,
And ran across the grass.

XXXVIII.

Now, with a crash like thunder,
The outer oak went smash,
Just like a horse unbroken
When first he feels the lash.

“Down with them all,” cried Turner,
A smile on his seedy face :
“Now yield,” cried the Vice-Principal,
“Now yield ye to our grace.”

XXXIX.

But stupid with amazement
Did each stout fellow stare :
They thought they’d caught a roomful,
They found the room was bare.
“God bless the boys,” quoth Turner,
Amid his colleagues’ roar,
“For such a rum prayer-meeting
Was never seen before !”

* * * * *

XL.

Oft in the purple gloaming—
Whatever that may mean—
When on the board, in cups out-poured,
The ruby wine is seen :
'Mid talk of future torpids,
'Mid sparkling gleams of wit :
When JOHNSON has passed round the weeds :
When I've a lopez lit :

When JIMMY's sung King Richard,
And LORING's sung the Ghost :
When BLACKBURNE, with benignant mien,
Has given his last toast :
With cheery shouts of laughter
My story shall be told ;
How FORMERLY WE PLAYED AT Loo,
AND HOW THE DEAN WAS SOLD !



